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Zeitg., Americam.

Riley Roses

The Rose

By James Whitcomb Riley

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy

Decorations by Franklin Booth

Indianapolis
The Bobbs-Merrill Company
Publishers

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James Whitcomb Riley

The Rose

It tossed its head at
the wooing breeze;

And the sun, like
a bashful swain,

Beamed on it through
the waving trees

With a passion
all in vain,—

For my rose laughed
in a crimson glee,

And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.

The Rose

The honey-bee came
there to sing
His love through
the languid hours,
And vaunt of his hives,
as a proud old king
Might boast of
his palace-towers:
But my rose bowed
in a mockery,
And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.

The Rose

The humming-bird,
like a courtier gay,
Dipped down with
a dalliant song,
And twanged his wings
through the roundelay
Of love the
whole day long:
Yet my rose turned
from his minstrelsy
And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.

The Rose

The firefly came in
the twilight dim

My red, red
rose to woo—

Till quenched was the
flame of love in him

And the light of
his lantern too,

As my rose wept
with dewdrops three

And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.

ward Chandler Christy

The Rose

And I said: I will cull
my own sweet rose—

Some day I will
claim as mine

The priceless worth of
the flower that knows

No change, but
a bloom divine—

The bloom of a
fadeless constancy

That hides in the leaves
in wait for me!

The Rose

But time passed by
in a strange disguise,

And I marked it
not, but lay

In a lazy dream,
with drowsy eyes,

Till the summer
slipped away,

And a chill wind sang
in a minor key:

"Where is the rose
that waits for thee?"

The Rose

I dream to-day, o'er
a purple stain
Of bloom on
a withered stalk,
Pelted down by
the autumn rain
In the dust of
the garden-walk,
That an Angel-rose in
the world to be
Will hide in the leaves
in wait for me.